CHARLOTTE NURSES DREAM OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS WITH HER IDEAL MAN

Mother's Tragedy Fails to Embitter Harassed Girl

Has her mother's fatal romance embittered the heart of Charlotte Mills against men and love? Mrs. Eleanor Mills made an unfortunate marriage when she was 16. She sought solace in the church and in the love of the Rev. Edward Hall, The price of their love was death.

After all the suffering which has come to Charlotte Mills through this fatal romance, what does she think of marriage? Her story is an extraordinary revelation of the heart of a young girl who has known suf-fering and disillusionment and who has seen, too, the ennobling qualities of love.



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THE FUTURE?

My story is now toldsixteen years of fairly happy happy by my mother, and four years of blankness, made blank by her tragic death Murdor death. Murder

The future?

minded girl with definite ideals of can." work. I want to work, of course.

And I want to be happy—of course.

But just what I shall work at, and love for granted, sensing that whathow I shall find happiness, I am

to, and was graduated three years criticized and blamed for it. ago. My plan at first was to be a teacher, but when all this tragedy happened, and we lived in such confusion and anxiety, I gave that up. I had to earn something and got a clerical position in an office.

Left Her Job

Until very recently I was a comptometer operator with a motor sales company in New Brunswick. I am not a stenographer, having never cared for that work. When this case that people call so glibly the "Hall-Mills murder mystery" was reopened in July, I had to be at the hearings in Somerville very often, and was obliged to resign my position.

Among a million or so questions that have been asked me is whether I have lost my ideals of love and with me and sticking close to him

marriage. I don't know that Lost them! I ever really had any. I have an ideal of a man, as I suppose every girl has. But marriage has never seemed more than a vague possibility to me. I think I have always been afraid of it—afraid of disappointment and disillusion.

But I suppose if I met a man who seemed to come somewhere near my ideal, and he cared for me, I would never think about disappointment and disillusion any more than most people do when they marry.

My ideal man is a man with profession.

Likes Older Men

I like men who are considerably older than myself; I hardly know

why, unless it is that boys of 22 offer was made me to go on the to 30 seem frivolous and lacking stage. All they wanted was to in understanding.

I shall never forget a fellow I



James Mills

Dan Mills

went with once to a motion picture. It was a picture I had looked forward to literally for months, and I simply lost myself in it. I forgot where I was. I wasn't Charlotte Mills at all; I was the girl on that screen, feeling what she felt, doing what she did.

It was an emotional play and well acted. I guess I was crying a Anyhow, I was absorbed. Suddenly my escort, looking at me out of the tail of his eye, passed me his handkerchief with a grin and the remark that I seemed to need a big one and he hoped I was enjoying my weeps, etc., etc.

I came out of my dream like a shot and couldn't put the joy back again. The play was spoiled for me, and my "disappointment and disillusion" kept me from saying hardly a word the whole evening.

Would Have Understood

That is what I mean by most young fellows not understanding you or your mood or your feeling about things. An older man would have respected how I felt, whether he felt the same way or not. Oh well-

Perhaps I expect too much. Anyhow, I am going to take life as

a little longer is to live a little. I never did live, not what you could The future?

I shrug my shoulders because I l've had. Life is so uncertain, and do not know: I am, alas, a seriouswe must find happiness when we

love for Mr. Hall. I took their love for granted, sensing that what ever mother did was right and decent and in the end would harm far from knowing.

After mother's death, I went on with high school, as she wanted me way, though I know I shall be

Home Run Down

A moderate amount of comfort appeals to me. I have always longed for nice things and appreciated them. I hate living in a sordid way. Since mother's death, our home has gone to rack and ruin. She used to work at it incessantly, making repairs herself, cleaning,

painting, papering and making a lot out of nothing.

I haven't even a bedroom of my own now. Mother and I used to share one on the top floor, but the ceiling has fallen down and I sleep on a davenport in the living room, with not even a bedroom suite of my own.

Always. I had the idea of going for mother's sake. But since her death father has "adopted" Dan completely and made him see things as he does. When Dan was small, he was like mother, with a warm enthusiastic nature and lots of ambition. I wonder what Dan's going to be now, without mother?

Stage Offer

After the first investigation this "Hall-Mills case," the usual

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dress me up and parade me around to be stared at as "Charlotte Mills, daughter of," etc., etc. Of course I turned it down flat.

Most girls at some time or other get a hankering for the stage. I was no exception. I used to act in school and church plays and worked up quite an opinion of myself. But I realize that to get beyond the show-girl point takes study, which means money and hard work and a long time. guess the comptometer is my best bet!

I did think at one time of being a dancer, and even got so far as to write a well-known agency for particulars about beginning. I found the course I wanted cost quite a few hundred dollars-and that was the end of that.

I'm afraid I'm not a terribly thrifty girl. I like to spend as I go and trust to luck or fate, or whatever it may be, for the future. Perhaps the life I have seen around me, and the tragedy of my mother. has helped to form that take-it while-you-can idea. Anyhow, would be less than honest if I tried to picture myself as a highbrow, high-minded, "high-hat" young woman with noble aspirations or a tragic viewpoint.

viewpoint. I am simply a girl like a milion others, not pretty, not clever, not brilliantly educated, not tremen-dously ambitious, not above want-ing friends and pretty clothes and good times

I have had more than a girl's

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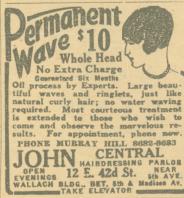
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